The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1918.

THE DRAFT ARMY

In the minds of some of the folks back home and in the mind of many a man whose immediate, whole-hearted enlistment brought him to France in the first of the teeming transports, there may be an occasional disposition to think slightingly of the National Army—a draft army, forsooth, a reluctant army, an army of hangers-back. Some few even give voice to this sentiment, and they should be shot at sunrise, for they are without vision.

They are without vision of democracy. For, in a larger sense, the draft army of a democracy is a volunteer army. When a Kaiserless country, a free people, through the instruments of its own choosing, decides to raise an army by conscription, it is the entire nation, young and old, strong and weak, skilled and unskilled, rich and poor, which volunteers.

That day when the draft law became the law of our land, it was not merely the resolute, the adventurous, the ardent or the impulsive who held up their hands. Every American held up his hand. All America enlisted. Thereafter, it was simply a question of selecting for service overseas the ones best fitted to go—merely a question of enrolling by millions not only the most efficient, but the fairest and most democratic army a nation could have, a volunteer army, if ever there was one.

It is this army which is on its way in numberless battalions, the army for which, in these mighty days, the Allies wait expectant. It is the hope of the world. And as its multitudinous companies step forth upon the soil of France, let them and let all Americans remember that it was a draft army which through weeks of imperishable memory, faced the Germans at Verdun and said:

"They shall not pass."

GRANT

He had guts. He had faith. He had patience—patience under reverses, patience under captious criticism, patience under the strain of personal, physical pain and discomfort. In stature a little man, he was endowed with the vigor of a giant. Other men might be more brilliant strategists, more dashing leaders at times, but it was Grant—Grant the plodding, the patient, the inexorable—that saw it through and saved the Union.

Old "Unconditional Surrender" was—is—our chief representative in the gallery of great generals. His daring in the Vicksburg campaign, when he placed the enemy between himself and his base, marked the first radical departure from established military precedent since the days of Napoleon. The principles he laid down, and proved in practice, have more than once redounded to the advantage of the Allied generals in the course of this war, as they themselves will bear witness. If the great military school up on the Hudson had done nothing more than produce him, it would have amply justified the labor and expense which the Republic has lavished upon it. It gave Grant to the nation; and the nation was saved by Grant, the "right arm" of his great chief, Lincoln.

The anniversary of the birth of the hero of Vicksburg and the Wilderness comes on April 27. That day should be one for reverent and profitable thought-taking by every American soldier, high and humble, of the present generation of fighting men. For the man whose anniversary it is gave to us the most famous, the most heartening, the most courageous of our martial axioms: "To fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." Fight it out he did. And let us last out our fight as he would have lasted it!

COMING FOR THE RIDE

History relates that
"There was a young fellow named Hyde,
Who once at a funeral was spied;
When asked who was dead
He just nodded, and said:
'I don't know; I just came for the ride!'"

Leaving out the many well-intentioned and loyal people who have come to do real good practical work over here, it seems to us that a good many of our fellow-countrymen—most of them in cits' clothes, some in skirts, and some even in khaki—"just came for the ride."

What they are doing over here is beyond us. They speak vaguely of "uplift," of "investigation," of "co-ordinating branches," and some even more brazenly speak of "getting atmosphere"; nothing more. Some—we will let the reader guess the gender—are so naive as to exclaim: "Why, didn't you know that France is all The Rage this year? Everybody's coming over!"

If that "everybody" referred to the millions of the National Army, all would be well; but we rather imagine that the young lady—you guessed it—who employed the word had reference to "everybody worth while" or "everybody in our set." Now, while "everybody worth while" or "everybody in our set" have their uses—when in khaki, toting a gun or an automatic, or (in the case of the ladies) working in hospitals or canteens—we don't see how they can be so very useful if they approach the war in that spirit. People who come over to France without definite, concrete, telling work planned out ahead of them, people who merely drift over here because they have the drifting money and because "it's the thing to do," are really hindering the cause more than they are helping it.

We are cheerfully foregoing a lot of expected parcels from home because we are told that they take up too much space in ships destined to bring men, steel, beef, and the other rock-bottom essentials of war over to us. It doesn't add to our cheerfulness to see our forfeited ship space taken up by a lot of folk who "just come for the ride."

HOW IT MIGHT BE STAGED

Willard and Fulton will not meet in Nevada, our American correspondent cables. Nevada doesn't want them. "To rub it in," he says, "Governor Boyle adds that they have his unqualified permission to fight in France any time they wish." Well, why not?

Why not bring Willard and Fulton over here, have a couple of squads of Engineers build a ring out of a pile of lumber cut by another squad of Engineers, bring down a division or so of Yanks who have just come out of the trenches to look on, and let the battlers for the world's heavyweight title go to it?

We couldn't all see it. But some of us could. And "some" ought to be the men who have been in the line longest, provided G.H.Q. could arrange it and the Germans were unobstreperous enough at the moment to make it possible.

Of course, it couldn't be done. Not as things are now. But if Willard and Fulton should get into O.D., the Government would be glad to pay the expense of the trip over—and their Tops and C.O.'s might be able to arrange a day off for them on July 4.

COURAGE

With the battle lines stretching for hundreds of miles, with men massed by millions, with soldiers toiling over cannon that, week in and week out, dealt death to an enemy they could not see and had never seen, it seemed, to those who watched it from afar, that war in this age of science and machinery had become an impersonal thing, and that, except for the combat aviators darting across the lonely skies, the individual had passed from the scene.

Yet in such fighting as now shakes the world, here and there amid the smoke and roar of battle, holding out as though the fate of all mankind depended upon him alone, the individual emerges. He counts. He has counted in the Battle of 1918 as surely as he counted at Gettysburg and at Thermopylæ.

The hero in this war, as in all wars, as in life itself, is the man to whom nothing is impossible, the man who does not know what it means to yield. Whether at the turn in some communicating trench he faces, alone and dauntless, an oncoming file of Germans, or whether at his desk in some far distant base he faces a crushing task of administration, he does not yield. And this war will be won by the side which, on high and in the ranks, back home and in the field, can show in greatest numbers the men who never yield. For in war, from the dawn of history to the spring of 1918, only one thing has ever counted. It still counts above all else. And the name of that thing is courage.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE?

What is the best all-round song in common use in this man's army? What comes the nearest to filling the bill for all occasions—on the march, in camp, after evening chow, at entertainments, and just plain in-between-times?

We've been asked those two questions time and again, and, for the life of us, we don't know what to answer. So many troops, from so many parts of the country, are over here, each with their own pet anthems, the early arrivals knowing lots of stuff that is now *passé* in the States, the later arrivals knowing lots of new and zippy tunes, that it's pretty hard to figure out just what is the most popular song a-going. There are so many song writers on the job, and the art of song-writing has been practiced for so many years, that it's far different from the old days of the Crimean War when

"Each heart recalled a different name
But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'"

"The Long, Long Trail," "I May Be Gone for a Long, Long Time," "Over There," "Over Here" (thanks to Elsie), "Oh, Boy, Where Do We Go from Here?"—those are just a few of the hardy perennials that come to mind right off the reel. There are others—lots of others—not to mention the old Army classics about the grasshopper and "You're In the Army Now," and "Home, Boys, Home." Anyway, help us out. Send in the name of your outfit's favorite all-round, catch-as-catch-can song, so that we can answer those questions we put at the beginning of this piece. The odds are billions to biscuits that it'll be a good one; shoot it along!

MUCH OBLIGED

Old George W. Private is bearing up splendidly in the face of the news that there is to be no whirlwind campaign to persuade every doughboy in the A.E.F. to burrow into his money-belt and subscribe to the new Liberty Loan.

Having left his home anywhere from three to six thousand miles behind him, having taken out insurance in his mother's favor, bought one or two of the earlier bonds, made an allotment, subscribed to THE STARS AND STRIPES and invested in one two-hundredth of the happiness of a luckless French kid, he has crawled into his bunk every night lately haunted by the fear that he would be thought a slacker if he did not blow all the rest on the Third Liberty Loan.

He thinks well of that loan. He believes with all his heart that it is backed by the best security there is in all the world. When his finances become a little less complicated, when he has settled with Mme. Marie for washing his other shirt, when he has bought a bag of Bull and put aside two francs for unexpected extras on his leave, he intends to drop in at the orderly room and loftily order a bond. But he doesn't have to if he doesn't want to. And he's much obliged.

The Listening Post

IF THE POETS HAD BEEN MEMBERS OF THE AMEXFORCES

The free, unbridled manner of most of the poets was well enough in its day, but, as Ruggles of Red Gap used to say, it would never do with us. The way the bards of an older day used to hand out military information is almost unbelievable. Take, frinst, the author of "Bingen on the Rhine." If he—or maybe it was she (out here in East Somewhere Junction one has no reference books, and one's memory simply won't get warm this morning)—had been an Amexforcer, the chances are that the poem would have thundered down the ages

A soldier of—Infantry lay slightly wounded
in a Mediterranean port;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there
was dearth of woman's tears.
"Oh, tell my folks," he said, "that I am at
Base Hosp. Number 9—
For I was born at A.P.O. 842, at A.P.O.
842 on a certain German river."

And Old Ma Goose might have written "Banbury Cross" this way:

Ride a cock-horse to a certain British
suburb,
To see a fine lady ride on a fine horse!

While Tennyson, whether he like it or not, would have had his stuff treated by the censor thus:

A certain distance,
A certain distance,
A certain distance onward!
Into the eastern sector
Rode a certain percentage of the — Division.

The Elks would have to sing it like this:

Here's to a good old Connecticut university
founded in 1701,
She's so hearty and so hale,
Drink her down, drink her down, drink her
down!

And we should all be singing:

My bonnie lies somewhere in Europe,
In the dear S.O.S., L. of C.;
My bonnie lies somewhere in Europe—
She's at A.P.O. 843.

And:

'Way down upon a certain Florida tributary
Far, far away—

As to a thing like "London Bridge Is Falling Down," that info would give the enemy so much comfort that any censor would be justified in not letting it pass.

It occurs to us why baseball never has been the national pastime of France. The double-headers would pile up so that when a sunny afternoon came along there'd be about thirty-two games to play off.

The weather in the States used to be so changeable that it wasn't safe to write about it. By the time the paper was on the street, the comment would no longer be pertinent. But it is safe to take a chance here, even if you write your stuff a month or two ahead.

BLESS HIM!

A bloke we like
Is Otto Darmee;
He never calls it
"This man's army."

And Basil Underwood contributes:

A girl I like
Is Katherine Dooley;
She sends me cats,
But signs, "Yours truly."

The lyric urge is strong in this contrib, who makes us violate our peace time rule of never printing limericks with

There was a Commandander named Foch,
Who bossed the decease of the Boche.
Their devilish deeds
Fell short of their needs,
So he chased them clean into the oash.*
*Poetic license for the briny.

One rainy day last week—which is rather indefinite, it is admitted—a corporal confided that he thought the government ought to issue the O.D. umbrella.

NOR IS THE PRUSSIAN ANY TOO DELIGHTFUL, EITHER

The German nation is vexation;
The Boche is just as bad;
The well-known Hun ain't any fun,
And the Teuton drives me mad.

Caesar it was, or some other officer who censored his own stuff, who remembered the names of all his soldiers. Caesar had nothing on a descendant of his, a doughboy in the —th. The other day he went up to a Y.M. sec. with "You live in New Haven, don't you?" "Yes," said the sec. "Well," said the private, "I sold you a *New York Times* on the station platform two years ago."

A COOTIE'S GARDEN OF VERSES

I.

In winter I get up at night,
And have to scratch by candle-light;
In summer, quite the other way;
I have to scratch the livelong day.

II.

A soldier boy should never swear
When coots are in his underwear,
Or underneath his helmet label—
At least, as far as he is able.

III.

The trench is so full of a number of coots,
I'm actually growing quite fond of the brutes.

A certain company has a number of cootie mottoes, which they are going to have printed for framing. Among those suggested are:

ONE GOOD COOT DESERVES ANOTHER
IT'S A LONG COOT THAT HAS NO TURNING
ALL THAT ITCHES IS NOT COOT
A COOT MAY LOOK AT A KING
NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE COOT

FRANCE FLICKERINGS

***A certain party in a certain regiment get a letter from a certain party on a certain day last week. Have a care, Bert.

***Old Irv Cobb, the w.k. Kentucky col., was a pleasant caller at our sanctum recently. Come again, Irv.

***Some of the houses around here seem to need a little painting.

***George Ade of Brook, Ind., says he is going to write a piece for THE STARS AND STRIPES soon. Hurry up Geo., say we.

***Our billet has no auxiliary lighting system, but it is air-cooled all right, all right.

***Four of the boys we used to know at home sent in their subscriptions last Tuesday. Much obliged, boys, say we.

***There was a game of croquet in the Luxemburg Garden yesterday, which we should hate to have known back home that we watched with great interest, so please regard this item as confidential.

***There is plenty of news this week, if we were allowed to print it and if we knew what it was.

The issue shirt—

And the issue sox—

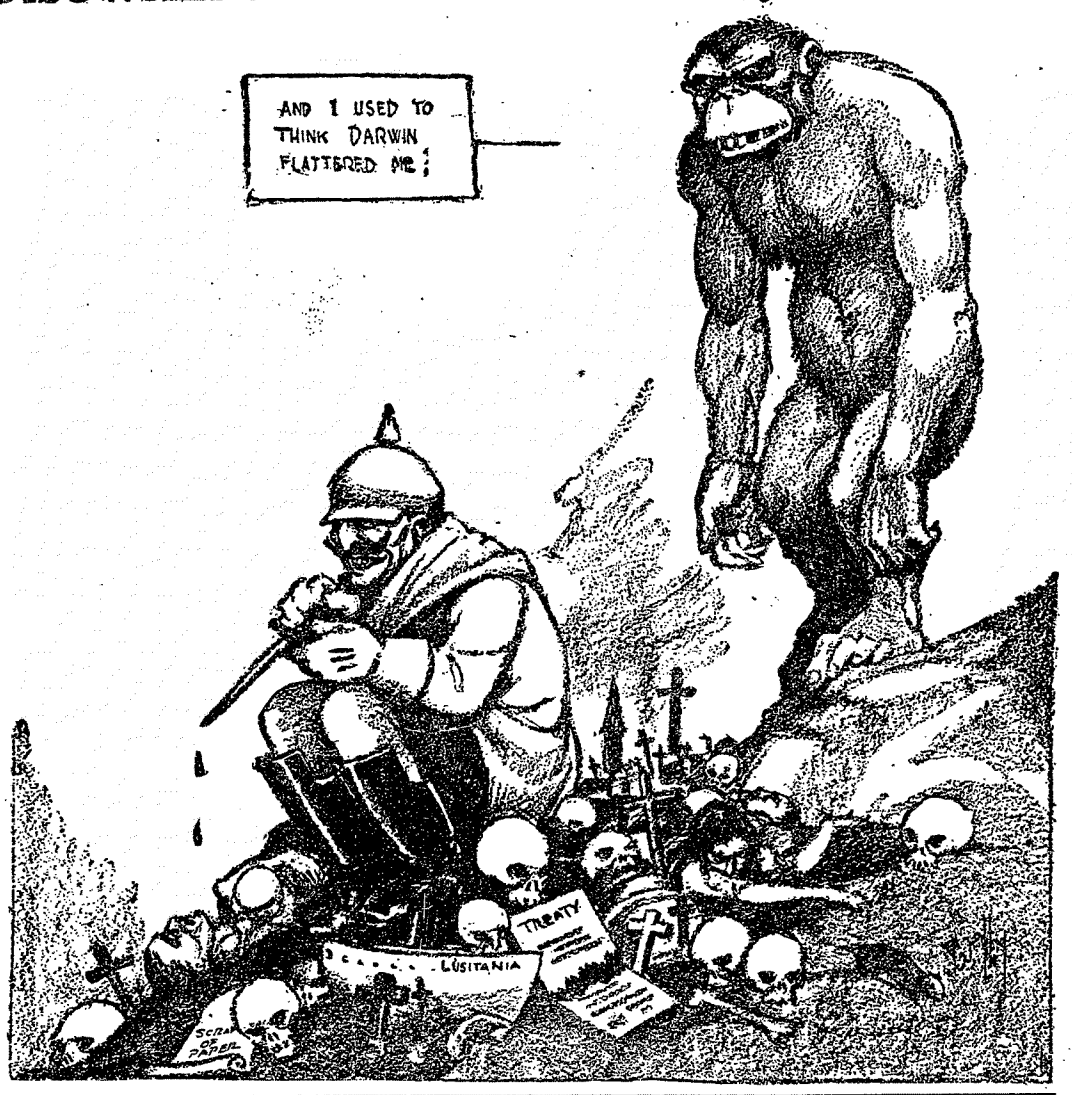
Are not enough, by half;

For what the column conductor needs

Is

The issue paragraph.

DISOWNED! —By WALLGREN



A CHICAGO VIEW OF US

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

A copy of your paper dated Feb. 15 reached me, or rather my daughter, in the last mail, March 25. Permit me to compliment you. In all my experience in the printing business, extending over a period of 34 years, I have never seen its equal, typographically, for a beginner. Looks to me as though those printers "spread" themselves—possibly anticipating criticism.

I called up the Chicago *Journal's* city editor, telling him what I had, and he assured me he would like to look it over, as he had not as yet seen a copy. I turned it over to him upon his solemn oath that it would be returned to me. It was mailed to my daughter by a private in the Marine Corps.

No doubt you have often read of a bargain counter rush by the fair sex of our fair land. Well, picture in your mind a bargain counter rush and you will understand the reception to THE STARS AND STRIPES. Everyone wants to read it, and by the time I get a chance to sneak off in some corner with it, I am afraid it will be read to pieces. I have never seen anything get an equal reception. Everyone here wants direct news from France, that is, the A.E.F. The dailies here do not fill the bill.

We want the real stuff, and are willing to pay for it, so if you can accept my subscription, kindly let me know, and I will remit in money or merchandise, as I understand the American "weed" is more valuable than money. I have a number of friends over there to whom I send cigarettes, playing cards, tobacco, etc., and from letters I get they are rather welcome.

With best wishes for the success of your efforts, and kind regards to your linotype operators, some of whom no doubt I know.

Chicago, March 26. GEO. I. BRADBURY.

CHEER FROM WYOMING

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

We hand you herewith our Paris-draft for five francs, for which please place us on your subscription list for three months, beginning with the first number published. We would place our subscription for a year, but are not sure what the price is.

The first issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES was sent to a Hanna girl by her sweetheart, and probably a hundred people have already read it. You should have a great subscription list in this country. I never in my life have found a newspaper that had in it so much of interest. In fact, everything is of interest, even the advertisements.

We know a great deal less about you fellows than you can imagine, and we are hungrier for news than you realize. We can not get news of how many Huns you have accounted for and how near to Berlin you are, but we can learn about your way of living, your food and your *drink* (let's hope some of it is water, notwithstanding stories of how you are living on English beer and French wine), and your temperament. If you get plenty to eat and are fairly happy, we shall feel easier, for then we shall know you are representing us well in the battles that must be fought before you get the Kaiser.

Boys from this town are now in France, and one has been put away, yet we do not see the war so very vividly nor realize it fully. We need news and letters from the front. We need to be reminded now and then that the Hun is wiser and baser than a savage in cruelty, and at the same time has large ideas of world domination and of the ascendency of Kultur. We have with our own eyes seen no mutilated men, no outraged women, no farmlands deliberately wasted, no populations deported, no kingdoms stolen. The better you can make us see these things, the quicker we shall get back of you.

We are doing pretty well in this little town of 1500 people—mostly foreign born coal miners. Every wage earner in town has pledged to pay (not give, mind you) a certain sum to the Red Cross, and the monthly income will be over $400. Just $55,000 in Liberty Bonds were purchased here. Every pupil in the school, 341 of them, is a Red Cross member.

When we learn what the American subscription price is, I am sure we will have a list for you. We are with you.

Hanna, Wyo., March 15. ROY PAINTER.

"Mark Twain Spirit Is Beautiful Egg Says Girl Medium."—Headline.

And, by the same token, the spirit of the late Prince Otto von Bismarck must be a beautiful bad egg.

WE'LL STICK

OUR HISTORY HAS A WAY OF REPEATING ITSELF

By FRANK BOHN

Sure enough, there are a great many things we don't do very well in America. We are rather careless and shiftless about matters which we should consider more important. Any of the boys who have been to Paris will come back and tell the bunch that the old town certainly does look better than New York or Chicago or New Orleans. The French know how to live beautifully, and their manners are the best in the world, amongst the poorest country-people as well as in the fashionable circles in Paris.

However, one considerable fact we can confess, just among ourselves. We can stick to a job until it is done.

When our fathers, or may be, our great grandfathers, went west into the big woods, they always had a considerable piece of work cut out for them. Living in a log "lean-to" and making a living for a bunch of kids who played hide-and-seek among the stumps was no snap. I think, everything considered, that the old folks did a pretty good job of it.

How they lasted through the eight years of the Revolution! Hungry and ragged, freezing through the winters and shaking from fever and ague in the summers, licked out of their boots again and again, they had just one quality that saved their cause—they always "came back." Three years after the war started, the financial verdict was thirty-to-one against that bunch of frazzled rebels, who had been driven out of almost every town in the country. But they never quit a minute.

In the Civil War both sides hung on with a desperation that knew no weariness. When Lee's army surrendered, his colonels and generals were in rags and tatters. With their horses they ate grass and the leaves of beech trees. When they were clean gone—no clothes and no food, no money and no credit, no strength left and no possible help coming from any source—then they quit, but not before.

The North started in with 75,000 men for a three months' war. When twenty millions of people had furnished 2,500,000 soldiers, when half a million were dead or desperately wounded, our people at home or in the ranks never batted an eye. In my own State of Ohio, when a man talked of quitting, he was beaten up and kicked out of town.

Well, here we are again, the same old stuff. And here we're going to stick until the game is finished. The principles which have inspired our whole history are going to be vindicated once more by the sheer power of our people to endure anything and everything for the sake of principle.

Sometimes you will run into a man who has been here two or three years and feels a little weary. It is your business to cheer him up. The best tonic for weakness in the stomach, if you happen to find a sufferer, is absolute confidence in the victory that shall be ours.

THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH IS THAT WE CAN'T POSSIBLY LOSE THIS WAR. Our enormous resources, as well as the proved character of our people, are prepared to meet successfully any condition which may arise. The forces which we are developing will stagger the imagination of the world.

The rulers of Germany wanted war. It is their one famous sport. Very well! They shall have war and yet more war. If the misguided people of Germany and Austria will insist on clinging to their rulers, they and all they have will be pounded to a pulp.

Every clear voice from out the great past of America, every consideration regarding the safety of our common future, calls us to this task. If any man thinks it will be left half done, he is profoundly ignorant of the forces that are arrayed.

Concerning the Russian situation. If you are so unfortunate as to have some gloomy, sad-eyed weakling in your company who thinks everything depended on Russia, tell him he doesn't know what he is moping about. Russia has been down for nearly two years. Germany simply got a home run in the fourth inning, that was all.

Our bunch is hanging together well and going strong—from Jerusalem to Edinburgh and from Verdun to San Francisco. Anyway, the cheerful cuss is the one who has four chances of getting back home to one that gloomy Pete will draw.

WHY I AM PROUD TO SALUTE

By A PRIVATE

This business of saluting is all part of the game, and I rather enjoy it than otherwise. It proves I "belong" to the organization when an officer returns my salute, and I prove that I "belong" when I exercise my right of saluting him. Consequently, it puzzles me quite a bit when I see men who have been long enough in the service to know better trying to "beat the Old Man on the salute" by becoming absorbed in the landscape just as he is going by; or, if they get caught at it, handing him one of these eye-wiping affairs that is neither a salute nor a mockery; just neutral, and "unfriendly neutral" at that.

Fortunately for me, I was "caught young" by a top sergeant whose inexorable sternness and "stickler" qualities were mixed with a large amount of intelligence, thereby making him a veritable jewel. He not only told us what, when, where, and how to salute; he told us the reasons for it. After listening to him, I never had the slightest trouble in getting adjusted.

Perhaps his words are worth passing on. Here they are, as near as I can remember them:

"The military salute is the 'high sign' of the oldest and most honorable fraternity in the world. When you give it to a superior, you are thereby announcing that you, too, belong to that fraternity. If you give it correctly and snappily, you prove that you are proud to belong to the brotherhood of arms. If you give it clumsily, half-heartedly, you prove that you don't think much of the organization you have joined. And none of you feel that way about it.

"When you salute an officer, you are not saluting that particular man alone. You are saluting him as the representative of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States—the President—from whom the officer derives his authority, in his commission. What is more, you are saluting one of those in authority in an Army which has the proudest record of any army on earth. As you know, America has never gone to war save on behalf of freedom; and in none of its wars has it been defeated.

"When an officer returns your salute—a thing he is bound to do—he is not acknowledging a personal compliment. He is saluting the whole rank and file of the American Army—and, beyond it, the great people from whom it was recruited. In other words, when you salute the officer and what he stands for, you do it on behalf of the people of the United States toward the representative of their President. When the officer returns it he does it on behalf of the President of the United States, from whom he derives his authority, toward a representative of the people of the United States—which you most assuredly are."

That, for me, removed all of the "master-and-man" impression from the saluting process. It put it on a basis of democracy which I could "get," and with which I was proud and glad to comply. My vote is as good as the next man's in helping to elect a President of the United States. The United States is ruled by the will of the majority, by the democratic principle, in which I acquiesce. Inasmuch as the President, in his capacity as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, cannot be everywhere, he commissions officers to act for him, with delegated powers. When I salute one of them, it is just as if I were saluting the duly elected head of my nation, in the choosing of whom I had a hand. Now what could be more democratic, or more simple, than that?

Reasoning that way, I have come to the conclusion that the man who passes up, or slops through a salute is by that act proclaiming himself no true champion of democracy; for he belies the very democracy that sent him forth. And where, pray tell, shall we get off if we, dedicated to the task of making the world safe for democracy, end up if we neglect to respect the principle which we have sworn to defend?